

## BAREFOOTED.

The girls all like to see the bluffs in the lane. And the saucy Johnny-jump-ups in the meadow. But we boys, we want to see the dog-ood blossoms again. 'Throvin' a kinder summer-lookin' shadow. For the first mild mornin' when the woods are white. (An' we needn' even ask our ma about it) We leave our shoes right where we pulled 'em off at night. An' barefooted once again we run an' shout it: You may take the country over—When the bluebird turns a rover, An' the wind is soft an' hazy, An' you feel a little lazy, An' the nigger quits the possums—It's the time for dog-ood blossoms.

How light! heigh-ho! I wish there was more fences here; We'd like to jus' keep jumpin' 'em to gether! No sleds for us, no guns, nor even 's'mmon beer.

No nothin' but the blossoms an' fair weather! The meadow is a little sticky right at first, But a few short days 'll wipe away that trouble. To feel so good an' gay I wouldn't min' the worst.

That kin be done by any field o' stubble. O all the trees are lookin' happy! O all the folks are smilin' happy! An' there's joy in every little bit o' room; But the happiest of 'em all, At the mornin' rooster's call, Are we barefooted when the dog-ood bursts bloom!

—John Charles McNeill, in Youth's Companion.

## BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon,  
Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," Etc.

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## CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"If I am going to stay a servant," she said, with some calling back of her former habit, "I must learn what God thinks of service. I shall need all I can get out of His word to strengthen me in days to come." She had made a collection of her passages relating to service, and to-night she added to it from one of Paul's letters, dwelling on the words as she read them aloud: "Servants, obey in all things them that are your masters according to the flesh; not with eye service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing the Lord; whatsoever ye do, work heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that from the Lord ye shall receive the recompense of the inheritance; ye serve the Lord Christ. For he that doeth wrong shall receive again for the wrong that he hath done; there is no respect of persons. Masters, render unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in Heaven."

"Of course," Barbara mused, after saying the words, "all this was said to actual slaves, whose bodies were bought and sold in the market like cattle. But what wonderful words to be spoken to any class of servants either then or now! 'Whatsoever ye do, work heartily!' One thing that servants lack in their service is heartiness. It is done for wages, not for love of service. 'As unto the Lord and not unto men.' How few servants ever think of that! The Lord is the real Master. He is being served if what I do is a good thing that needs doing. 'There is no respect of persons.' How great a thing that is! In God's sight my soul is as much worth saving as any other. He thinks as much of me as He does of the rich and the famous. 'Masters, render unto your servants that which is just and equal.' If that were done, it might make conditions far different so far as the servant-girl question is concerned. But who will tell us what is meant by 'just and equal' to-day?" Barbara shook her head doubtfully, and went on: "Knowing that ye have also a Master in Heaven." That helps me. Paul must have known my need as well as the need of the poor bond-servants to whom he wrote. 'A Master in Heaven.' May He help me to serve Him in spirit and in truth."

So Barbara the next day did not present the appearance of the modern broken-hearted heroine in the end-of-the-century novel. Anyone who knew her could plainly see marks in her face and manner of a great experience. But there was no gloom about her, no un-Christian tragic bewailing of fate or circumstance. If she were to live her life as she supposed she should, without life's greatest help to live, so far as human love can go, she would at least live it bravely as so many other souls have done. And yet, Barbara, you know well enough that Ambition does not spell Love. And, in spite of all, you know your heart would tremble if the young minister of Marble Square church should pass you and give you one earnest look out of his great dark eyes, as he did on that well-remembered day when he said that you were beautiful. Ah, Barbara! Are you quite sure you have forever bidden farewell to the holiest dream of your womanhood?

She busied herself during the day with her work, and in the evening went over to Mrs. Vane's to see her again concerning the proposed building. She was eager to get to work. Her heart longed for busy days to keep her mind absorbed.

Mrs. Vane suggested several good ideas. "While you are waiting to complete the details of the building itself, why not interview a large number of factory and store girls about their work? Find out something about the reasons that appeal to young women for a choice of labor. You are not certain that you can get any girls to attend your training-school. I think you can, but very many other good people will tell you

your plan is senseless. It is only when people begin to try to do good in the world that they discover what fools they are. Other people who never make an effort to better the world will tell them so. There will arise a host of tormenting critics as soon as the idea of your proposed training-school is suggested. They will tear it all to pieces. Don't pay any attention to them. The world does not owe anything to that kind of criticism. But it will help your plan if before the building is put up you can answer honest questions as to its practical working. There's another thing I would like to say; and I shall say it, my dear, seeing I am old enough to be your grandmother."

"What's that?" Barbara asked, coloring. She anticipated Mrs. Vane's next remark.

"I think it would be a distinct saving of power if in some way we could make the training-school a part of Mr. Morton's social-settlement work."

"I don't think it is possible," replied Barbara in a low voice. Her manner expressed so much distress that the old lady said at once: "My dear, I will not say any more about it. But will you permit me to tell you plainly that I am firmly convinced that Mr. Morton is in love with you, and will ask you to marry him, and you will have to give him some kind of a satisfactory answer, for he is not a young man to be satisfied with unsatisfactory answers."

"Oh, I cannot believe it!" Barbara exclaimed, and then she put her face in her hands, while she trembled.

"It's true!" the old lady said, sturdily. "My old eyes are not so dim that I cannot see love talking out of other eyes. And that is what his was saying when he was here last week. My dear, there is nothing dreadful about it. I should enjoy having you for my pastor's—"

"But it is impossible!" Barbara lifted her head blushing.

"There is nothing impossible in love's kingdom," replied the old lady, gravely. "If it comes to you, do not put it away. You are his equal in all that is needful for your happiness."

Then Barbara told her all about the event of the night before at the church. If she had been a Catholic, she would have gone to a priest. Being a Protestant, she confessed to this old lady, because her heart longed for companionship, and there was that quality in Mrs. Vane which encouraged confidences.

When she was through, Mrs. Vane said: "There is nothing very hopeless about all this. He has certainly never been anything but the noble-hearted Christian gentleman in his treatment of you." (Barbara did not tell of the remark Mr. Morton had made about beautiful faces. But, in as much as he had apologized for a seeming breach of gentlemanly conduct, she did not feel very guilty in withholding the incident from Mrs. Vane.) "And I really believe he feels worse than you do over any slights you received from the members of the church."

Barbara was silent. Now that her heart was unburdened she felt grateful to Mrs. Vane, but she naturally shrank from undue expression of her feelings. Mrs. Vane respected her reserve as she had encouraged her confidence.

"Don't be downhearted, my dear. Go right on with your plans. Count on me for the 10,000 and more if the plan develops as I think it will. And meanwhile, if in your trips among the working girls, you run across anyone who can take Hilda's place, send her around. I haven't been able to find anybody yet. I would get along without help, but Mr. Vane will not allow it, with all the company we have. No, don't shake hands like men. Kiss me, my dear."

So Barbara impulsively kissed her, and went away much comforted. She dreamed the thought that she might meet the young minister, and half hoped she might. But for the next three weeks Mr. Morton was called out of Crawford on a lecture tour which the Marble Square church granted him; and, when Barbara learned that he was gone, she almost felt relieved as she planned her work with Mrs. Ward's hearty cooperation to see as many working girls as possible for information, and to learn from them the story of their choice of life labor, and its relation to her own purpose so far as helping solve the servant question was concerned.

What Barbara learned during the next three weeks would make a volume in itself. She did not know that she had any particular talent for winning confidences, but a few days' experience taught her that she was happily possessed of a rare talent for making friends. She managed in one way and another to meet girls at

work in a great variety of ways. In the big department store of Bondman & Co., in the long row of factories by the river, in the girls' refreshment rooms at the Young Women's Christian association, in the offices of business friends where the click of the typewriter was the constant note of service, in the restaurants and waiting-rooms about the big union station, in the different hotels and a few of the boarding-houses of Crawford, Barbara met representatives of the great army of young women at work in the city; and out of what seemed like meager and unsatisfactory opportunities for confidence and the sharing of real purpose in labor she succeeded in getting much true information, much of which shaped her coming plan and determined the nature of her appeal to the mistresses on one hand, and the servants on the other.

"With a few exceptions, then," she said to Mrs. Ward one evening after she had been at work on this personal investigation for three weeks, "all this army of girls at work represents a real need in the home somewhere. I found some girls working in the offices, and a very few in the stores and factories, who said they were working for other reasons than for necessary money. Here is a list of girls in Bondman's. I told them I did not want it for the purpose of printing it, and it is not necessary. But there are over 200 of these girls who cannot by any possibility save any money out of their expenses, and a few of them"—Barbara spoke with a sense of shame for her human kind and of indignation against un-Christian greed in business—"a few of them hinted at temptations to live wrong lives in order to earn enough to make them independent. And yet all of these girls vigorously refused to accept a position offered to leave the store and go to work at double the wages in a home as a servant. I offered over 50 of these girls four dollars a week and good board and room at Mrs. Vane's, and not one of them was willing to accept it, even when, as in many cases, they were not receiving over three and a half a week, out of which they had to pay for board and other necessities."

"And the reason they gave was?" Mrs. Ward, who was an interested listener, asked the question.

"They hated the drudgery and confinement of house labor. They loved the excitement and independence of their life in the store. Of course, they all gave as one main reason for not wanting to be house servants the loss of social position. Several of the girls in the factory had been hired girls. They all without exception spoke of their former work with evident dislike, and with one or two exceptions refused to entertain any proposition to go back to the old work. I think one of the girls in the Art mills will go to Mrs. Vane's. She worked for her some years ago, and liked her. But what can the needs of the home of to-day present to labor in the way of inducement to come into its fold? I must confess I had very little to say to the girls in the way of inducement. Not on account of my own experience," Barbara hastened to say, with a grateful look at Mrs. and Mr. Ward, "for you have been very, very kind to me and made my service sweet; but in general, I must confess, after these three weeks' contact with labor outside the home, I see somewhat more clearly the reason why all branches of woman's labor have inducements that house labor does not offer."

"And how about the prospects for pupils for the training-school?" Mr. Ward asked, keenly. He had come to have a very earnest interest in the proposed building.

"Out of all the girls I have seen," Barbara answered, with some hesitation, "only four have promised definitely that they would take such a course and enter good homes as servants. One of these was an American girl in an office. The others were foreign-born girls in Bondman's."

"The outlook is not very encouraging, is it?" Mrs. Ward remarked, with a faint smile.

"It looks to me, Martha," Mr. Ward suggested, "as if it might be necessary to put up a training-school for training our Christian housekeepers as well as Christian servants. If what Barbara has secured in the way of confession from these girls is accurate, it looks as if they are unwilling to work as servants because of the unjust or unequal or un-Christian conditions in the houses that employ them."

"At the same time, Richard, remember the great army of incompetent, ungrateful girls we have borne with here in our home for years until Barbara came. What can the housekeeper do with such material? If the girls were all like Barbara, it would be different, you know."

"Well, I give it up," replied Mr. Ward, with a sigh, as he opened up his evening paper. "The whole thing is beyond me. And Barbara, of course, will be leaving us as soon as this new work begins. And then farewell to peace, and welcome chaos again."

"You are not going to leave us just yet, are you, Barbara?" Mrs. Ward asked, with an affectionate glance at Barbara.

"The house is not built yet," Barbara answered, returning Mrs. Ward's look.

"Of course, Barbara will leave us when she has a home of her own," Mr. Ward said in short sentences, as he read down a part of the page. "Then our revenge for her leaving us will be the thought that her troubles have just begun when she begins to have hired girls herself."

"I don't think there's any sign of it yet," Mrs. Ward said, looking keenly at Barbara, who colored a little. "I have not noticed any beaus in the kitchen."

"More likely to come in through the parlor," Mr. Ward suggested. And

again Barbara looked up with a blush, and Mrs. Ward could not help admiring the girl's pure, intelligent face.

There was silence for a moment, when Barbara went over her list of figures and memoranda.

"I see Morton is back from the west," Mr. Ward suddenly exclaimed, looking up from his paper. "The News says he had a remarkable tour, and prints a large part of his recent address on the temperance issue. I predict for him a great career. Marble Square never did a wiser thing than when it called him to its pulpit. My only fear is that he may kill himself with these lecture tours."

There was silence again, and Barbara bent her head a little lower over her work, which lay on the table.

"He is certainly a very promising young man," Mrs. Ward said, and just then the bell rang.

"Shouldn't wonder if that was Morton himself," Mr. Ward exclaimed, as he arose. "I asked him to come in and see us as soon as he came back. I'll go to the door."

He went out into the hall and opened the door, and Mrs. Ward and Barbara could hear him greet Mr. Morton, speaking his name heartily.

"Come right into the sitting-room, Morton. We're there to-night. Mrs. Ward will be delighted to see you."

Barbara rose and slipped out into the kitchen as Mr. Ward and Mr. Morton reached the end of the hall. She busied herself with something there for half an hour. At the end of that time she heard Mr. Ward's hearty, strong voice saying good night to Morton as he went out into the hall with him.

After a few minutes Barbara came back into the sitting-room, and taking her list of names and facts from the table prepared to go up to her room.

Mrs. Ward was saying as she came in: "Morton seemed very dull for him, don't you think?"

"He is probably very tired with his lecture tour. It is a very exhausting sort of—"

[To Be Continued.]

## THE HORSE PLAYED A JOKE.

Drew His Young Mistress Up to a Store Where She Didn't Want to Go.

"You may think horses haven't any sense if you want to," remarked a lady from Mississippi to a group of friends seated around one of the tables in the Peabody cafe, according to the Memphis Scimitar, "but I had an experience when I was a girl that taught me that they have sense enough to get one in all sorts of predicaments."

"I carried a friend of mine driving one afternoon. We had to pass through a town where there was a young man from New Orleans serving as a clerk in one of the large supply stores that were a feature of the country town a few years ago. He had paid me a great deal of attention, and to tell you the truth, I liked him very much, and, though I was not willing to admit it at that time, and denied the accusation with true feminine promptitude in such matters, I always made it a point to go to that store for something every time I went to town."

"On this occasion, however, I had no excuse to go and see him and did not intend doing so, as he had caught on to the fact that I never came to town without seeing him. But as we crossed the railroad, right in front of the town, the bridge bit came in two and I, of course, lost control of the animal, and he, finding that no one was guiding him, turned himself around and marched as straight back to that store as if I had driven him with the utmost precision."

"And that's not the worst of it," said she, in conclusion. "No sooner had he got to the store than he gave one of those little 'nicks' peculiar to himself, and familiar to the young man. The young fellow was there in a jiffy and I—well, I wished that I wasn't. My face turned all the colors of the rainbow and wound up in the most delicate touch of crimson. I explained to him in my confusion that I had not intended to come to see him, but the horse would bring me, and he didn't object."

## Unexpected Praise.

Dr. Guthrie, an authority on military surgery some 50 years ago, was a kindly man, although somewhat brusque in manner. Sir Joseph Fayrer says: I was his house surgeon, and we got on very well together. One day, when we were going through the wards with a large following of distinguished visitors, foreign surgeons and others, we stopped by the bedside of an interesting case, when Guthrie found fault with dresser for something he had done or left undone. The student ventured to reply, and Guthrie said: "I dare say you think you're a remarkably clever fellow, don't you?" "No, sir," said the youth, earnestly, "I don't." "But you are, though," said Guthrie, and passed on.—Youth's Companion.

## Clerical Humor.

"That was an excellent discourse you delivered last Sunday," remarked a veteran minister of the gospel to a rising young preacher, "but I would hardly call it a sermon."

"Why not, doctor?" demanded the other.

"Because you had no text."

"Don't you call such a discourse a sermon unless it has a text?"

"Certainly not."

"You have read the Sermon on the Mount, have you not?"

"Many, many times."

"Well, it has no text."

"On the contrary, my dear young friend," said the veteran, "it is composed entirely of texts."—Youth's Companion.

## A MEMORIAL MEETING

Ohioans in Washington Paid a Last Tribute to McKinley's Memory.

Mr. McKinley's Last Words Were: "Nearer, My God, To Thee; 'E'en Tho' It Be a Cross, It Has Had My Constant Prayer."

Washington, Oct. 7.—The sons and daughters of the late President McKinley's native state of Ohio, who are now residents of Washington, Sunday paid a last public tribute to the memory of their dead congressman, governor and president, in a largely attended meeting at Chase's opera house. The gathering was held under the auspices of the Ohio Republican association, but was not confined to Ohioans. About 3,000 persons were present. The decorations were appropriate to the occasion. The marine band furnished the music, and was stationed on the stage directly under a large crayon portrait of President McKinley, which was draped in graceful folds of black, the whole surrounded by an immense American flag. The meeting was presided over by Col. J. H. Brigham, assistant secretary of agriculture. Rev. Dr. J. H. Muir delivered the invocation, and addresses were made by Rev. Frank M. Bristol, the pastor of the Metropolitan church, which the president attended while in Washington; Judge Thomas H. Anderson, Hon. Alphonso Hart, Hon. D. K. Watson, and Simon Wolf, of Washington. The speeches were full of expressions of love and honor for the memory of Mr. McKinley, and dwelt on the virtues and qualities which had endeared him to the people. Several of the speakers took occasion to denounce the anarchist in unmeasured terms, and advised that drastic measures be taken against them.

An interesting feature of the meeting was the reading of a letter from Dr. M. D. Mann, one of the president's physicians, to Mr. T. M. Sullivan, the secretary of the association. It was as follows:

Buffalo, Sept. 26, 1901.—T. M. Sullivan, Esq.: My Dear Sir.—As President McKinley was dying, I stood behind a screen in his room and heard him say his last words. His wife came into his room, and he said to her, "Good-bye, all, good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done, not ours." There was some further conversation with his wife in the way of leave-taking, but this should not be repeated. About an hour later, he said to his wife, "Nearer, my God, to Thee. 'E'en tho' it be a cross, it has had by constant prayer." He tried to say some thing more, but I could not catch it. I gave out at the time the first sentence as being the most appropriate to be remembered as his last words. I wrote them down at the time so that there can be no question about it. Yours truly, M. D. MANN.

A letter from President Roosevelt, regretting his inability to attend, was read.

KIDNAPING AND ROBBERY.

Three Newspaper Men and a Barber Are Arrested in Philadelphia Charged With the Crime.

Philadelphia, Oct. 7.—Charged with kidnaping a woman and holding her a prisoner for four days, robbing her of jewels worth more than \$2,000 and compelling her to sign bank checks for large sums of money is the story which the police unfolded here Sunday when they announced the arrest of two newspaper men, a stenographer in another newspaper office and a barber, all of whom are charged with complicity in the crime. The men now locked up at the Central police station are Howard K. Sloan, an unemployed reporter; Henry Wallace, society editor of one of the morning papers; J. Knight Findlay, of Wayne, near here, stenographer in the business of another morning paper, and Oscar S. Dunlap, a barber employed in one of the most prominent shops in the city. The victim is Mrs. Mabel Goodrich, the proprietress of an establishment on North Tenth street.

## Found Dead in Bed.

St. Louis, Oct. 7.—George R. Robinson, for 50 years a prominent merchant in St. Louis, was found dead in bed at his home in Old Orchard Sunday. He was 75 years of age and at one time was reputed to be one of the city's wealthiest men. Mr. Robinson represented the cotton bagging trust in this territory. He was well known to cotton raisers and dealers in states in which that product grows.

Eighteen Injured in a Collision.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 7.—Two cars on the Consolidated street railway were in collision at the corner of Fair and Washington streets Sunday evening, injuring 18 people. Both cars were crowded, and were under considerable speed on a down grade when they met. All are from Atlanta, excepting Miss Lumpkin, whose home is in Columbus, Ga. The cars were off schedule.

Buying Australian Horses.

Berlin, Oct. 7.—The German steamer Alesia, Capt. Knuth, has arrived at Bremerhaven with 400 horses and mules in good condition. They are Australian animals and considered better than the American for military purposes.

Series of Murderous Assaults.

Pueblo, Col., Oct. 7.—This city is in great excitement over a series of murderous assaults upon women and girls, seemingly committed by the same person, a Negro or very dark white man with his face blackened.

Printing Plant Damaged by Fire.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 7.—The job printing plant of the Detroit Free Press Printing Co., 621 to 623 Fort street, West, was damaged by fire early Sunday morning to the extent of between \$20,000 and \$25,000. The loss is covered by insurance. The large stock of theatrical posters which the company had on hand was not injured.

Veterinarians Wanted.

Washington, Oct. 7.—Chief Examiner A. R. Serven, of the civil service commission, said Sunday that never before in the history of the government had there been such a demand for good veterinary surgeons as at present.

Died at Sea.

New York, Oct. 7.—The Umbria, which arrived, brought the remains of W. A. Riach, 54 years old, auditor of the Atlantic Coast Line railway, who had died during the voyage. He was accompanied by his wife.

## ANARCHISTS' MEETING.

The Police Prevented Speech Making in a Hall in Fourth Street, New York City.

New York, Oct. 7.—One thousand alleged anarchists assembled in a hall in Fourth street, this city, Sunday night, ostensibly to hold a ball in honor of the organization of the Freiheit Arbeiter Stemma, said to be a society composed of anarchists, but the nature of the assemblage was suspected by the manager of the hall, and in a short time 40 policemen were on the scene, under command of Acting Capt. Place. The manager learned that the meeting was really planned to hear Johann Most make a speech, but Most, while on his way to the hall, was warned away by members of the society who were sent out to head him off when the police arrived on the scene.

The presence of the officers prevented any speech making.

## A CALL ISSUED.

Miners of Virginia and West Virginia Requested to Meet October 31 at Huntington.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 7.—An official call was issued from the national headquarters of the United Mine Workers of America Sunday for a convention of representatives of organized and unorganized miners of Virginia and West Virginia, to be held at Huntington, W. Va., October 31, for the purpose of devising "some plan by which the miners and operators of the two states may be brought into closer relation with each other, and the interests of the miners cared for along business lines that may secure for them higher wages and better conditions of employment." The call is the outcome of the meeting at Parkersburg, W. Va., a week ago.

## SIX MEN INJURED.

Fire Damages the Pittsburg Clay Pot Works in Allegheny to the Amount of \$250,000.

Pittsburg, Oct. 7.—Fire Sunday in the Pittsburg clay pot works in Allegheny damaged the plant to the extent of \$250,000, injured six men, and enforced an idleness of several months upon a force of 165 workmen.

The injured men were firemen who were on the roof of the boiler house when the wall fell and they were carried with it. None of them will die. The fire originated in the boiler room from an unknown cause, and quickly burned its way through into the upper floors, used as a drying room, and kept at a high temperature. From there they communicated to Block No. 3, and it was soon reduced to ruins.

## HUMAN FLESH SOLD.

It Is Being Freely Disposed of in the Famine District of Shansi, China.

Tacoma, Wash., Oct. 7.—The steamship Glenogle brings news of human flesh being freely sold in the famine districts of Shansi, China. It brings 180 cash (a small Chinese coin) per catty of one and a third pounds. Babies and young children are being butchered. The empress dowager has commanded that the practice be stopped, but is able to enforce her orders only around Hsian Fu.

The money collected by the Christian Herald, of New York, has saved thousands from starvation.

## ISLAND OF PANAY.

One Hundred and Thirty Deaths From Starvation Reported From Capiz Alone.

Manila, Oct. 7.—The Island of Panay, in the Philippines, which has been afflicted by the plague, is now visited by famine. One hundred and thirty deaths from starvation are reported to have occurred at Capiz alone. To prevent the spread of the plague, Manila has inaugurated a war against rats, paying two and a half cents per rodent delivered to the board of health.

## HEAVY GALES IN JAPAN.

Four Hundred Fishing Boats Wrecked, Twelve Missing and Houses Washed Away By Floods.

Tacoma, Wash., Oct. 7.—Steamship advices say: The coast of Kazusa, Northern Japan, has been visited by heavy gales, wrecking 400 fishing boats. Twelve boats with total crews of 74 are missing. Heavy rains caused an overflow of the rivers of Hokkaido, washing away 600 houses and submerging many villages.

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